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Augustus Britannicus:

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A  
P O E M

UPON THE  
CONCLUSION  
OF THE

Peace of Europe,

At *Rijswick* in *Holland*, upon the  
20th. of *September*, 1697.

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*Arma Virumque cano*——  
———*et magnos de Pace Triumphos.*

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By Mr. J. PHILLIPS.

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L O N D O N,

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# Augustus Britannicus:

## A P O E M upon the Conclusion of the P E A C E of Europe, &c.

LONG had the Rage of War, with Sword and Fire,  
Laid wast the fertile Gardens of the *Rhine*;  
And the same Flames, to *Belgium* no less dire,  
Not all those spacious Regions could confine.

Too narrow Limits for th' insatiate Range  
Of proud Ambition, thirsting after Blood;  
Eager of Rule, and still pursuing Change  
Of Slaughter, hungry Warfare's lawless Food.

At the same time the Conflagration flew  
To th' utmost Borders of Imperial Sway;  
And wide *Danubius* Streams now wider grew,  
By Battles swell'd into a Crimson Sea.

With Most Mahometan, Most Christian joyns,  
And Friendship with Heaven's Foe is dearly bought:  
If Heav'n, they cry'd, desert our bold Designs,  
Let Hell be mov'd, and Succour thence be sought.

While thus the German Arms divided toil,  
Th' Invader fumes to see himself oppos'd;  
The Lyons Strength assumes the Fox's Guile,  
And a swift Truce the Wounds of *Europe* closes.

But while secure the weary'd Princes lay  
Enfolded in the tender Arms of Peace,  
(Pity their Fate, whom broken Oaths betray,  
And study'd Treasons by Surprise oppress)

They whom no Ties of Sacred Truth could hold,  
With rapid Force invade their peaceful Slumbers.  
Undreamt, unthought of, the swift Deluge rowl'd,  
O'respreading Regions with resistless Numbers.

Quite through *Batavia*, like a lambent Wind,  
The speedy Hurricanes swept all before 'em;  
Art in defence with Nature vainly join'd;  
No Mounds could stop the Torrents that o'repower 'em.

*Batavia* thus her daily Losses mourn'd;  
Dispeopl'd by Despair, by Fear unmann'd;  
You might have deem'd old *Noah's* Flood return'd,  
To see the Sea let in to save the Land.

Heav'n oft permits such Chastisements as these;  
The Cause Heav'n only knows, while we surmise;  
But when atton'd, the Showers of Vengeance cease,  
And prone to save, Heav'n th' Instrument supplies.

From some hid Cause like this, the Change began;  
Cœlestial Pity on *Batavia* fell;  
And the same Hand that scourg'd, points out the Man,  
Who only could their Mischiefs back repel.

Then for Relief to Great *NASSAU* they bow'd,  
Whom Faction but a while before had scorn'd;  
*NASSAU*, to whose Fam'd Ancestors they ow'd  
The Liberty their Commonwealth adorn'd.

He took the Reins, and drove the Chariot steady,  
That with new Beams their drooping lives rebear'd;  
Daring in Battle, and in Counsel ready,  
And by his Foes no less belov'd than fear'd.

Prudence in Youth, with youthful Valour joyn'd,  
Stopp'd the Career of Uncompassionate Spoil;  
Their easie Conquests they as fast resign'd,  
Like Innundations, when they back recoil.

Fame spread him Wondrous, e'er he had begun,  
And talk'd of things that he was born to doe,  
Which she proclaim'd as if already done,  
And big with Prophecie, her Trumpet blew.

When first these Tydings reach'd *Versailles* Court,  
They soon foresaw the Face of War would change;  
They now must drudge, who lately made a Sport  
Of yielding Danger, and unarm'd Revenge.

*NASSAU* appears, to be as soon renown'd  
For early Contests in the Race of War;  
*Europe* has now her Guarding Angel found,  
While He becomes her Blessing, She his Care.

The wary *Luxemburg* was pos'd to shun  
The first Attack of his Courageous Heat;  
*Mons.* saw the Fox unearth'd, and tamely run  
To seek new Covert from entire Defeat.

The greater Genius of the Great *NASSAU*  
Inspir'd his Warlike Bands where-e'er they fought;  
His Conduct like the Hebrews Cloud they saw,  
And hasten'd to the Dangers which he sought.



Just Heav'n! how does thy mighty Power deride  
The Vain Results of Human Providence!  
Vast were the Foes Designs, and Heav'n defy'd,  
Became the Scorn of daring Insolence.

But deep Contrivance, what it least design'd,  
Did but Materials for his Trophies heap;  
*Versailles* did but sow, by Fate made kind,  
The Harvest *Britain's* Hero was to reap.

Long had the British Empire sadly born  
Four Ponderous Yoaks, unprosp'rous and unblest'd;  
Her Martial Glory lost, and made the Scorn  
Of that Proud Realm which once her Arms possess'd.

O'erwhelming was the last Tempestuous Rage,  
Upon her Liberties, Religion, Laws;  
What Refuge then, but humbly to engage  
The Faith's Defender to defend her Cause!

'Tis only for an Iliad to make known  
In lofty Strains, the Wonders that he wrought,  
Lyons to Hares transform'd, th' Encounter shun,  
And from his dreaded Name for shelter sought.

The Vaunting Host, that late in smoaky fight,  
On *Hounslow-Plain* took Towns, and Battles won,  
By unseen Danger quell'd, became a Sight  
For Mirth, to see an Army in a Swoon.

The Chieftain's Fear had chill'd the Martial Mads;  
In vain the Drumm and Trumpet rend the Sky;  
While pale Affright appear'd in *James's* Face;  
So sweet was Life to him who fear'd to die.

It may be deem'd that Guilt of Evil's done,  
Beheld preceding *NASSAU's* warlike Train,  
Heav'n's Brandish'd Sword, that like the Saber shone,  
That guarded *Eden* from less Criminal Man.

It was the least that Gratitude could do,  
To Crown the Author of the Bliss they crav'd;  
For nothing but a Crown became his Brow;  
Since none more fit to rule what he had sav'd.

The Crown was Gold, but yet with Thorns beset,  
A Crown of painful Cares, but yet a Crown  
That new Occasions gave to mitigate  
The Toils of War with Wreaths of fresh Renown.

A powerful Foe *Hibernia* then Possess'd,  
Lord of her Towns, and Master of the Field,  
Vainly misled, and slighting easie Rest,  
To Foreign Chains they tame Submission yield.

With awkward Zeal, and false Religion mad,  
 (Oft times the dangerous Frenzy of the Mind)  
 They, their own Foes, their native Hearths betray'd,  
 And to subdue themselves with Foreign Conquest joyn'd.

*Great Britain's* Monarch could not brook the Hand  
 of Rebel Fury wildly laying waft  
 So fair a Portion of his wide Command,  
 But streight to Vengeance makes undaunted haft.

He did but Land, and march, and only faw,  
 When pannick Terror seiz'd th' Insulting Foe:  
 They fled, and left a Realm to take new Law  
 From him they scorn'd to own an Hour ago.

Thus *Cæsar*, when the bold *Pharnaces* rang'd  
*Eythinia's* Plains with uncontroll'd surprife,  
 But went and view'd, and Roman Loss reveng'd,  
 Return'd a Wonder to the Gazer's Eyes.

Never did Prince fay less, nor Prince do more;  
 Men look'd and listen'd, talk'd their Hopes and Fears;  
 Ne'er so much Silence, so much Noise before,  
 Yet nothing comes to light, till all appears.

This secret Conduct Heav'n's great Sov'reign taught,  
 When first from Darknefs beauteous Order shone;  
 The goodly Frame was to perfection brought,  
 And Angels nothing saw till all was done.

There was no need for him to seek for Fame;  
 Fame saw design'd Occasions court him round;  
 Occasions multiply'd to spread his Name  
 Beyond what more then Fame could e'er resound.

Not greater Labours did *Alcmæna's* Son  
 In aid of Mankind boldly undergo:  
 He pitying *Greece* by Monsters over-run,  
 Those Monsters quell'd, and laid Oppression low.

Such was the Task that our *Alcides* prest  
 In aid of Christendom to undergo,  
 Monsters the same, and the Design as vast,  
 Those Monsters quell'd, to lay Oppression low.

*Nemean* Lyons, *Erymanthian* Boars,  
*Lernaan* Hydra's, *Geryons* Triple-headed  
*Stymphalian* Harpies, and more fell Centaurs,  
 These were the Monsters *Europe* then invaded.

For Man degenerate into Brute, no less  
 Embosoms every Brutish Appetite;  
 Only what Brutes in various Forms possess,  
 His Wits improve, and all in one unite.

Yet



Yet could the Toil not fright our Hero's Mind,  
Nor all the Hazards he was sure to meet;  
And still his Conduct all so well design'd,  
Never so slow, as when to danger fleet.

He saw that more than Strength would be requir'd;  
Nor did *Alcides* Strength alone prefer;  
To *Jove's* Assistant, Prudence, he retir'd,  
And there consults the Dubious Fate of War.

Many oppress'd, yet variously engag'd,  
And different Interests their Passions sway;  
In Union only Wrong and Violence rag'd,  
And on the Innocent in Bloody Comfort prey'd.

Nothing but Concord and a warlike Chief  
This shatter'd Body could compactly joyn  
With Fear irresolute for their Relief,  
Not knowing whence their Safety to divine.

So fast the Deluge still came rowling on  
As soon whole Regions fill'd with pale Dismay:  
They knew not what to seek; nor what to shun;  
They moan'd their Harms, unwilling to obey.

From this rude Chaos of unsteady Thoughts  
A Glorious League *Great Britain's* Monarch fram'd:  
He soon confirm'd their Minds, allay'd their Doubts  
And with new Life their drooping Souls inflam'd.

It might be deem'd a Work the nearest wrought  
To that which all things into Order brought;  
A League so Sacred, and so fast the Knot,  
Not to be loos'd, nor, like the Gordian, cut.

A League like this, by Universal *Greece*  
Against th' insulting Persian Monarch made,  
Repell'd th' Invader back, a Sacrifice  
By his Ambition to his Shame betray'd.

This League to *Britain's* Sovereign bow'd her Knees,  
And him the wronged Princes made their Head;  
He gave their Motions Laws, and his Decrees  
Like the *Amphyction* Council's were obey'd.

Resistance thus embolden'd, potent grew;  
Numbers met Numbers, while experienc'd War  
With artful Horrors did her Game pursue,  
And Banquets fresh each Day for Death prepare.

The Air was forc'd, the fiery Element  
To mingle with the Flames of dismal Fight;  
As if Officious Man would Heav'n prevent,  
And burn the World into its Primitive Night.

For Man, who always had th' unhappy Fate  
Of most ingenious to destroy his Race,  
Scorns his pursuit should find a safe Retreat,  
And his industrious Arm nor reach the Place.

Yet all this while the Fields neglected lay,  
That with their timely Harvests wont to crown  
The longing Barns; Affright drives all away;  
Few left to sow; few left to purchase what was sown.

Those Fields now thicker sown with Human Bones,  
The Seed of Slaughter that gives no Return,  
The Neighbouring Cities wail, dispeop'd Towns,  
By Nature bless'd, by cruel War forlorn.

Widows and Orphans, Peasant, and the Lord,  
Temples Prophan'd, and Ravish'd Virgins, all  
Bemoan'd the Havocks of the wastful Sword;  
Such was the Ravage menac'd *Europe's* Fall.

Such were the Torrents which the League oppos'd,  
And *Britain's* Sovereign the Pious Chief,  
Who, Victim-like, a Sacred Life expos'd,  
While both Divine and Human begg'd Relief.

The Contest so much the more Obstinate  
While pamper'd Honour, there, for Empire strove;  
Here, timorous Zeal inflam'd their Martial Heat,  
And Fear of Chains did Fears of Death remove.

All Men have Swords and Youth, and Wills prepar'd  
Their Darling Freedom to defend or die,  
Impugning haughty Violence, undeter'd,  
That would impose unwilling Slavery.

Nine Times the Sun his Annual Race had run,  
And in his tow'ring Solstice warm'd both Poles,  
And all the while the Bloody Game went on,  
The Winner only Death, by more then common Tolls.

In *Steenkirk* Fields a large Repast he met;  
Where Fortune stopp'd the Havocks of his Sword,  
Who there had soon decided *Europe's* Fate,  
Had not foreseeing Doom on purpose err'd.

Fame, big with wonder at the first Attacks,  
Bid Fortune stop, lest more her VVings should tire:  
Fortune obey'd, and too unkindly flacks  
The farther Progress of the Victor's Fire.

Old *Luxemburgh*, who had enough that Day,  
VVas glad to see the Lyon back retreat,  
And in his Bloody Trenches quiet lay,  
Admiring what he could not imitate.

VVonders



VVonders then these far greater *Lausden* saw,  
 VVhere Skill and Courage, Art and Number fought;  
 Battles were now Examples, thence to draw  
 New Patterns how young Captains should be taught.

Old *Luxemburg*, for only him did Fame  
 A Match for *Britain's* Hero still exalt,  
 Dreamt only hot Pursuit; but grew more tame,  
 To see his daring Foe make steady Halt.

Long the Dispute who Victory should controul,  
 And Streams of Blood the Verdant Fields imbru'd,  
 VVhile Slaughter strew'd thick Banquets for the Fowl  
 That on the Alms of Battle wait for Food.

And all the while *Great Britain's* Hero flew  
 To every Part, where thickest Danger call'd;  
 Expos'd to Vulgar Fury, still in view,  
 But where dark Clouds of Smoak his Sacred Person vail'd.

At length great *Luxemburg* grew Pale with Fear  
 To see his shatter'd Troops in Flight pursu'd,  
 And all his Lawrels won had wither'd here,  
 Had fresh Inforcements not the Fight renew'd.

Yet those fresh Succours did but serve to stop  
 The Victor's Chace, and force him to recoil;  
 He left his Foe the Marks of vanish'd Hope,  
 And kept the Glory of the former Foil.

Honour and Gold have, both, the same hard Fate;  
 Both may be bought too dear, but Honour most,  
 Since Victory purchas'd at too dear a Rate,  
 Is by the Vanquish'd won, but by the Victor lost.

*Namur* must next advance our Hero's high Renown,  
 Beyond what *Agamemnon* won by Ten Years Toil;  
 So long those Hero's fought to force one Town  
 Not then subdu'd, till Fraud did Strength beguile.

*Namur*, like *Sion*, deem'd Impregnable;  
 And if her Gates spoke Truth, ne'er to be won,  
 As if secur'd by Doom of Oracle  
 In the Palladium of a French Bastoon.

Here, had a nobler Theam for *Homer* been,  
 VVhile Gods 'gainst Gods, and Hero's Hero's fought;  
 And if the far-fam'd *Hector* fought within  
 The far more fam'd *Achilles* fought without.

Continual Thunder rends the Sky, as when  
 Assailing Giants against *Jove* rebell'd,  
 And all the while, a more amazing Scene,  
 Smoak Day made Night, and Flame o'er Night prevail'd.

*Phabus* beheld th' embolden'd Flames aspire,  
And how the distant Air in Sulphur burn'd;  
*What, is the World*, he cry'd, *again on Fire,*  
*And my unruly Chariot overturn'd?*

Th' Assaults, the Combats sung by *Homer's* Muse,  
Or what the Roman Prowess could renown,  
Three Years 'fore *Salem's* Walls disdaining Truce,  
Were here in Feats of dismal War out-don.

At length, when the full Feast of Death was o're,  
And rude Attacks had mow'd down all within,  
The weak Remainder loud for Aid implore,  
And they saw Succour that was only seen.

Fain would the Gallick Chief have sav'd the Town,  
And vow'd the Strength of *France* to signalize;  
But all in vain; the Strength of *France* look'd on,  
While lost *Namur* became the Victor's Prize.

While thus the Sword rag'd on, and dubious War  
In bloody Triumph rode, the Gallick Heart  
Began to cool; *France* could no longer bear  
Th' incessant Toil of *Sisypus's* Fate.

She found, that should she still prolong her Wars,  
She had an Overpow'ring Genius met;  
For Kings have all, like Magnitudes of Stars,  
Or Ranks of Angels, more of Less and Great.

'Twas therefore fruitless longer to contend  
With *Britain's* Genius, and her Wealth beside;  
Consum'd within, her Treasures at an end,  
And only rich in Vaunts, and blust'ring Pride.

She saw kind Nature idle, wanting Art;  
Autumn forgot to bear, and Spring to bloom,  
While Strength and Youth rush to the Camp depart,  
And toil Abroad to lay her waste at Home.

Who but would prize so fair a Guest as Peace?  
The fairest Maid that e're from *Heav'n* was sent;  
Yet *France* contemn'd her, and abhorring Rest,  
From *Europe* chac'd the lovely Innocent.

Only in *Albion* she found safe Retreat;  
Her Prince carefs'd the Darling of his Care,  
As she, to whom he vow'd his Martial Heat,  
And for whose sake alone he made just War.

No wonder then, the slighted Maid took ill  
The Wrongs from Gallick Fury long sustain'd;  
Mild as she is, she could not reconcile  
With those so long her Favours had disdain'd.

But



But Pride, that's always humble when brought low,  
By our Fam'd *WILLIAM*'s Prowess fore distressed,  
Submissive grows, and *France*, now taught to bow,  
From injur'd Peace implores contemned Rest.

By her despis'd, by *WILLIAM*'s Cares engag'd,  
She knew that only he could Peace command;  
He, that to fix her Throne fierce Wars had wag'd,  
Yet gave her safeguard in a Copious Land.

But he who knew the Blessing he possess'd,  
To easie Offers scorn'd to prostitute  
The Sacred Honour of his Virgin Guest,  
And safely guarded the Hesperian Fruit.

The wondring World, that heard the Boasts of *France*,  
VWho as her Arms the Peace of *Europe* vainted,  
At the same time admir'd the vain Pretence  
Of giving others what her self she wanted.

Her Numbers could not scare the Sacred League,  
Nor Victories only in *Te Deums* won,  
Peace would not be deluded by Intreague,  
Nor Laws receive from her who valu'd none.

Nothing but Mediation fix'd on Honour's Faith,  
And Overtures by equal Reason sway'd,  
Could make the Generous Prince his Anger sheath,  
By just Redress of injur'd Peace allay'd.

At length was found a Prince of high Renown,  
To Honour true, to Peace no less sincere;  
And all applaud the Choice so kindly won  
To poise the Balance of this grand Affair.

Had you th' Assembly seen at *Rijswick* met  
You there had seen a Council of the Gods,  
Such as in *Jove's* Apartment doom'd the Fate  
Of *Priam's* Ilium, and the *Grecian* Feuds.

*France*, that Occasion by the Forelock held,  
*Great Britain's* Sov'reign hastens to attone;  
It was no more then what her Fears compell'd,  
To court him first from whom her Fears begun.

She owns Him Potent, High, and Most Serene,  
Forc'd to attest what well she knew before;  
For only VVords could never make him mean,  
VWho in his Crown still *France's* Lillies wore.

Espos'd Int'rest suffers harsh Divorce;  
Though Friend and sworn Allye the Nuptials made;  
Ties in vain for *Syria's* Queen implores,  
For still Superiour Law must be obey'd.

The Potent, Most Serene, and the Most High,  
Held awful Rule in his Majestick Hand;  
And this, like some controuling Prodigy,  
Made *France* yield more, while others less demand.

No longer *France* must bear the Name of Great,  
That first from War deriv'd affected Growth,  
But ne'er by Peace procur'd: He's only fit  
To wear that Name, who keeps the Keys of both.

Thus all agreed, Bless'd Peace the Concord seal'd,  
And lowly Grateful to the best of Kings,  
As once the Cherubims Gods Coy'nant vail'd  
Cover'd all *Europe* with her Silver Wings.

Her Joy was such, that she would needs return  
And to Great *WILLIAM* once more pay her Vows;  
Resolv'd in all her Glory to adorn  
The Triumphs of his Conquests o'er her Foes.

And then it was the Goddess thus began:  
Hail, Mighty Monarch, Wonder of the Earth;  
From Hero's sprung, with all their Verrues join'd in One,  
As Heav'n had held a second Consult at your Birth.

May I be long a Servant to your Throne,  
Bless'd in your Reign, like *Seraph* giving Law,  
To Three fair Realms, and all the Sea your own,  
Where your fear'd Navies keep the turbulent Waves in awe.

Soft in your Sway, and willingly obey'd,  
May you be al ways all Mankind's desire;  
To distant climes, so may your Wisdom spread,  
And many *Sheba's* your Renown admire.

Counsel and Justice be your chief Supports,  
Both *Jove's* Concomitants, and both Divine;  
With them be safe from all the foul Efforts  
Of Treason brooding dangerous Designs.

Ne're may my Presence prosper idle Bays,  
But such as gives to Noble Arts supply;  
Such as for which the toiling Ploughman prays,  
And Commerce sues; whence our Abundance flows.

And when at *Nessus's* Years you part from hence,  
VWhere Happy Monarchs rule new Realms of Bliss,  
Be still our Angel, as you were our Prince,  
And favour in that VWorld, what you profess'd in this.

F I N I S

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